



THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.
Le pheeze you in faith.
Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.
Beg. Yare a baggage, the *Slyes* are no Rogues, Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pan-cas pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?
Beg. No, nor a deniere: go by *S. Ieronimie*, got to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Wilde hornes. *Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.*
Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curie is imboft, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the merest losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntf. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. Hun. He breath's my Lord, Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast how like a swine he lyes, Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.

2. H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
Lord. Euen as a flatterer dreaume, or worthless fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vntan pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweeter: Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence) Say, what is it your Honor will command: Let one attend him with a siluer Basin Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship doole your hands, Some one be readie with a costly suite, And aske him what apparel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse, And that his Ladie mournes at his disease, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreaumes, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs, It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. Huntf. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sirrah, go see what Trumper 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.
How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.
Lord. Bid them come neere: Now fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sinckle. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time, The rather for I haue some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much: There is a Lord will heare you play to night; But I am doubtfull of your modesties, Least (ouer-eyng of his odde behaviour, For yet his honor neuer heard a play) You breake into some merrie passion, And so offend him: for I tell you sirs, If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues, Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirs, take them to the Butterie, And giue them friendly welcome euerie one, Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartolomew my Page, And see him dress'd in all suites like a Ladie: That done, conuict him to the drunkards chamber, And call him Madam, do him obeisance: Tell him from me (as he will win my loue) He beare himselfe with honourable action, Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie, And say: What is't your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses, And with deckning head into his bosome Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-joyed To see her noble Lord restor'd to health, Who for this feuen yeares hath esteemed him No better then a poore and loathsome begger: And if the boy haue not a womans guift To raine a shower of commanded teares, An Onion wil do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being close conuic'd) Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie: See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.
I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman: I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will stay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peasant, Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Basin and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
2. Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?

3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: here ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes lookethrough the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor: Oh that a mightie man of such discent, Of such possessions, and so high esteeme Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Sly*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrion Hacket* the fat Alewife of Winecot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for sheere Ale, store me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome. What I am not beltraught: here's—

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2. Mar. Oh this it is that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house Oh Noble Lord, berinke thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreaumes: Look how thy seruants do attend on thee, Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick* And twentie caged Nightingales do sing, Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch, Softer and sweeter then the lufffull bed On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground, Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd, Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle. Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare About the morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt, Thy hounds shal make the Welkin answer them, And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1. Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe. (swift

2. M. Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait Adonis painted by a running brooke, And Citherea all in fedges hid, Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath, Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Isa*, as she was a Maid, And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd, As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood, Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds, And at that sight thal sad Apollo weepe, So workmanlike the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull, Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And til the teares that she hath shed for thee, Like enuious fouds ore-run her louely face, She was the fairest creature in the world, And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie? Or do I dreaume? Or haue I dream'd till now? I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake: I smel sweet saouours, and I feele soft things: Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede, And not a Tinker, nor *Christopher Sly*. Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight, And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.